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From the Paducah Herald.
PIN 'EM BACK, GIRLS—PIN 'EM BACK.

Some people will growl about fashion,
And prate of its follies, but then
It is law, for Shakespeare hath said, it
"Wears out more apparel than men."
"Out of fashion"—the world will ignore you,
And call you a dowdy, a lack;
Then a hint to the wise is sufficient—
Pin 'em back, girls—pin 'em back.
In Rome one of course would be Roman;
Fools follow the fashion, "they say."
But 'tis only the fools, lovely woman,
Who heed such croakers as they!
Some talk-ers use too much scandal,
Of "plump, round limbs" talk too slack,
But the tighter, the neater and sweeter,
So pin 'em back, girls—pin 'em back.

Some girls, like Susan B. Anthony,
Strong-minded, may stickle for rights,
And dressed out in strong Bloomer costume
Have made themselves hideous frights;
But these are not rules—"they're exceptions,"
And ought to be burned at the rack;
Who cares if you can't climb a ladder;
Pin 'em back, girls—pin 'em back.
Long trails and low necks had their season,
Shirts gathered in frills and gored down;
The train-lifter, bustle and sweater,
Hoops large and small both wore the crown;
Have your own sweet way, pretty Misses,
Let impudence stare in a pack;
The world moves at your smiles and your
kisses—
Do just as you please—pin 'em back.

Old maids may seel at your caprice,
And talk of the good "Long Ago";
They had as many fancies as you have,
The world's all illusion and show,
Then out the skirts down tighter, closer,
Who cares for the world's life clock,
Let boys cry anatomy, muscle,
Keep up hearts, girls, be sure—pin 'em
back!

"To-day" is an age of progression,
Who cares for gossip—such stuff!
No odds if you can't step two inches;
Sit sideways, 'tis easy enough;
And 'twill show off your form and your figure,
But at this you all have a knack;
Have your own pretty, sweet ways and notions,
Pin 'em back, girls, by Jove, pin 'em back!

THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.
Author of the "Count of Monte Cristo,"
"The Three Musketeers," "Forty Years After," "Brigandage,"
"The Man of Athos," "The Three
Musketeers," "The Three
Musketeers," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

POPULAR JUSTICE.

The young man, with his hat still
slouched over his eyes, still leaning on
the arm of the officer, and still wiping
from time to time his brow with his
handkerchief, was watching in a corner
of the Buitenhof, in the shade of the
overhanging weather-board of a closed
shop, the doings of the infuriated mob,
a spectacle which seemed to draw near
its catastrophe.

"Indeed," said he to the officer, "in-
deed, I think you were right, Van De-
ken, the order which the deputies have
signed, is truly the death-warrant of Mas-
ter Cornelius. Do you hear these people?
They certainly bear a dead grudge to the
two De Wittes."

"In truth," replied the officer, "I never
heard such shouts."
"They seemed to have found out the
cell of the man. Look, look, is not that
the window of the cell where Cornelius
was locked up?"

A man had seized with both hands,
and was shaking the iron bars of the
window, in the room which Cornelius
had left only ten minutes before.

"Halloo, halloo," the man called out,
"he is gone."

"How is that gone?" asked those of
the mob, who had not been able to get
into the prison, crowded as it was with
the masses of intruders.

"Gone, gone," repeated the man in a
rage, "the bird has flown."

"What does this man say?" asked His
Highness, growing quite pale.

"Oh! Monsieur, he says a thing
which would be very fortunate if it
should turn out true!"

"Certainly, it would be fortunate if it
were true," said the young man, "unfor-
tunately it cannot be true."

"However, look—," said the officer.
And indeed, some more faces, furious
and contorted with rage, showed them-
selves at the windows, crying—

"Escaped, gone, they have helped them
off!"

And the people in the street repeated
with fearful imprecations—

"Escaped! gone! Let it run after
them, and pursue them!"

"Monsieur, it seems that Mynheer
Cornelius has really escaped," said the
officer.

"Yes, from prison perhaps, but not
from the town; you will see Van Deken,
that the poor fellow will find the gate
closed against him, which he hoped to
find open."

"Has an order been given to close the
town-gates, Monsieur?"

"No, at least I do not think so; who
could have given such an order?"

"Indeed, but what makes your High-
ness suppose—?"

"There are fatalities," Monsieur
replied, in an off-hand manner, "and the
greatest men have sometimes fallen vic-
tims to such fatalities."

At these words the officer felt his blood

run cold, and some how or other he was
convinced that the prisoner was lost.

At this moment the roar of the multi-
tude broke forth like thunder, for it was
now quite certain that Cornelius De Witte
was no longer in the prison.

Cornelius and John, after driving along
the pond, had taken the large street
which leads to the Tol-Hek, giving dis-
rections to the coachman to slacken his
pace, in order not to excite any suspi-
cion.

But when, on having proceeded half
way down the street, the man felt that
he had left the prison and death behind,
and before him there was life and lib-
erty, he neglected every precaution, and set
his horse off at a gallop.

All at once he stopped.
"What is the matter?" asked John,
putting his head out of the coach-win-
dow.

"Oh! my masters," cried the coach-
man, "it is—"

Terror choked the voice of the honest
fellow.

"Well, say what you have to say!"
urged the Grand Pensionary.

"The gate is closed, that's what it is."

"How is this? It is not usual to close
the gate by day."

"Just look!"

John De Witte leaned out of the win-
dow, and indeed said that the man was
right.

"Never mind, but drive on," said John;
"I have with me the order for the com-
mutation of the punishment, the gate-
keeper will let us through."

The carriage moved along, but it was
evident that the driver was no longer
urging his horses with the same degree
of confidence.

Moreover, as John De Witte put his
head out of the carriage-window, he was
seen and recognized by a brewer, who,
being behind his companions, was just
shutting his door in all haste to join them
at the Buitenhof. He uttered a cry of
surprise, and ran after two other men be-
fore him, whom he overtook about a
hundred yards farther on, and told them
what he had seen. The three men then
stopped, looking after the carriage, being,
however, not yet quite sure as to whom
it contained.

The carriage, in the meanwhile, ar-
rived at the Tol-Hek.

"Open!" cried the coachman.

"Open!" echoed the gatekeeper, from
the threshold of his lodge; "it's all very
well to say, open, but then what am I to
do with it?"

"With the key, to be sure!" said the
coachman.

"With the key! Oh, yes! but if you
have not got it?"

"How is that? Have not you got the
key?" asked the coachman.

"No, I haven't."

"What has become of it?"

"Well, they have taken it from me."

"Who?"

"Some one, I dare say, who had a
mind that no one should leave the town."

"My good man," said the Grand Pen-
sionary, putting out his head from the
window, and risking all for gaining all;
"my good man, it is for me, John De
Witte, and for my brother Cornelius,
whom I am taking away into exile."

"Oh! Mynheer De Witte, I am in-
deed very much grieved," said the gate-
keeper, rushing towards the carriage;
"but upon my sacred word, the key has
been taken from me."

"When?"

"This morning."

"By whom?"

"By a pale and thin young man, of
about twenty-two."

"And wherefore did you give it up to
him?"

"Because he showed me an order,
signed and sealed."

"By whom?"

"By the gentlemen of the Town-hall."

"Well, then," said Cornelius, calmly,
"our doom seems to be fixed."

"Do you know whether the same pre-
caution has been taken at the other
gates?"

"I do not."

"Now, then," said John the coach-
man, "God commands man to do all in
his power to preserve his life; go, and
drive to another gate."

And whilst the servant was turning
round the vehicle, the Grand Pensionary
said to the gatekeeper—

"Take our thanks for your good in-
tentions; the will must count for the
deed; you had the will to save us, and
in the eyes of the Lord, it is as if you had
succeeded in doing so."

"Alas!" said the gatekeeper, "do you
see down there?"

"Drive at a gallop through that group,"
John called out to the coachman, "and
take the street on the left, it is our only
chance."

The group which John alluded to had,
for its nucleus, those three men we left
looking after the carriage, and who, in
the meanwhile, had been joined by seven
or eight others.

These new-comers evidently meant
mischievous in regard to the carriage.

When they saw the horses galloping
down upon them, they placed themselves
across the street, brandishing cudgels in
their hands, and calling out—

"Stop! stop!"

The coachman, on his side, lashed his
horses into increased speed, until the
coach and the men encountered.

The brothers De Witte, inclosed within
the body of the carriage, were not able to
see anything; but they felt a severe
shock, occasioned by the rearing of the
horses. The whole vehicle for a moment
shook and stopped; but immediately af-
ter, passing over something round and
elastic, which seemed to be the body of a
prostrate man, set off again amidst a vol-
ley of the fiercest oaths.

"Alas!" said Cornelius, "I am afraid
we have hurt some one."

"Gallop! gallop!" called John.

But, notwithstanding this order, the
coachman suddenly came to a stop.

"Now then, what is the matter again?"
asked John.

"Look there!" said the coachman.

John looked. The whole mass of the
populace from the Buitenhof appeared at
the extremity of the street along which
the carriage was to proceed, and its
stream moved roaring and rapid, as if
lashed on by a hurricane.

"Stop and get off," said John to the
coachman; "it is useless to go any fur-
ther. We are lost!"

"Here they are! here they are!" five
hundred voices were crying at the same
time.

"Yes, there they are, the traitors, the
murderers, the assassins!" answered the
men who were running after the carriage,
to the people who were coming to meet
it. The former carried in their arms the
bruised body of one of their companions,
who, trying to seize the reins of the
horses, had been trodden down by them.

This was the object over which the
two brothers had felt their carriage pass.

The coachman stopped, but, however
strongly his master urged him, he re-
fused to get off and save himself.

In an instant, the carriage was hem-
med in between those who followed and
those who met it. It rose above the
mass of moving heads like a floating
island. But in another instant it came
to a dead stop. A blacksmith had, with
his hammer, struck down one of the
horses, which fell in the traces.

At this moment, the shutter of a win-
dow opened, and disclosed the sallow face
and the dark eyes of the young man, who
with intense interest watched the scene
which was preparing.

Behind him appeared the head of the
officer, almost as pale as himself.

"Good heavens, Monsieur, what is
going on here?" whispered the officer.

"Something very terrible, to a certain-
ty," replied the other.

Don't you see, Monsieur, they are
dragging the Grand Pensionary from the
carriage, they strike him, they tear him
to pieces."

"Indeed, these people must certainly
be prompted by a most violent indigna-
tion," said the young man, with the
same impassible tone which he had pre-
served all along.

"And here is Cornelius, whom they
likewise drag out of the carriage—Cor-
nelius, who is already quite broken and
mangled by the torture. Only look,
look!"

"Indeed, it is Cornelius, and no mis-
take."

The officer uttered a feeble cry, and
turned his head away; the brother of the
Grand Pensionary, before having set
foot on the ground, whilst still on the
bottom step of the carriage, was struck
down with an iron bar which broke his
skull. He rose once more, but immedi-
ately fell again.

Some fellows then seized him by the
feet, and dragged him into the crowd, in-
to the middle of which one might have
followed his bloody track, and he was
soon closed in among the savage yells of
malignant exultation.

The young man—a thing which would
have been thought impossible—grew
even paler than before, and his eyes were
for a moment veiled behind his lids.

The officer saw this sign of compas-
sion, and, wishing to avail himself of the
softened tone of his feelings, continued—

"Come, come, Monsieur, for here
they are also going to murder the Grand
Pensionary."

But the young man had already opened
his eyes again.

"To be sure," he said. "These peo-
ple are really implacable. It does no
good to offend them."

"Monsieur," said the officer, "may
not one save this poor man, who has
been your Highness's instructor? If
there be any means name it, and if I
should perish in the attempt."

William of Orange—for he it was—
knit his brows in a very forbidding man-
ner, restrained the glance of gloomy mal-
ice which glistened in the half-closed
eye, and answered—

"Captain Van Deken, I request you to
look after my troops, that they may be
armed for any emergency."

"But I am to leave your Highness
here, alone, in the presence of all these
murderers?"

"Go, and don't you trouble yourself
about me more than I do about myself,"
the Prince gruffly replied.

The officer started off with a speed
which was much less owing to his sense
of military obedience, than to his pleas-
ure at being relieved from the necessity
of witnessing the shocking spectacle of
the murder of the other brother.

He had scarcely left the room, when
John—who with an almost superhuman
effort had reached the stone steps of a
house, nearly opposite that where his
former pupil concealed himself—began
to stagger under the blows which were
inflicted on him from all sides, calling
out—

"My brother—where is my brother?"

One of the ruffians knocked off his hat
with a blow of his clenched fist.

Another showed to him his bloody
hands for this fellow had ripped open
Cornelius and disembowelled him, and
was now hastening to the depot in order
not to lose the opportunity of serving the
Grand Pensionary in the same manner,
whilst they were dragging the dead body
of Cornelius to the gibbet.

John uttered a cry of agony and grief,
and put one of his hands before his eyes.

"Oh! you close your eyes, do you?"
said one of the soldiers of the burgher-
guard; "well, I shall open them for you."

And saying this, he stabbed him with
his pike in the face, and the blood spurt-
ed forth.

"My brother!" cried John De Witte,
trying to see, through the stream of blood
which blinded him, what had become of
Cornelius; "my brother, my brother!"

"Go and run after him!" bellowed an-
other murderer, putting his musket to
his temple and pulling the trigger.

But the gun did not go off.

The fellow then turned his musket
round, and, taking it by the barrel with
both hands, struck John De Witte down
with the butt-end. John staggered and
fell down at his feet, but raising himself,
with a last effort, he once more called
out—

"My brother!" with a voice so full of
anguish, that the young man opposite
closed the shutter.

There remained little more to see; a
third murderer fired a pistol with the
muzzle to his face; and this time the
shot took effect, blowing out his brains.
John De Witte fell, to rise no more.

On this, every one of the miscreants,
emboldened by his fall, wanted to fire his
gun at him, or strike him with blows of
the sledge-hammer, or stab him with a
knife or sword; every one wanted to
draw a drop of blood from the fallen
hero, and tear off a shred from his gar-
ments.

And after having mangled, and torn,
and completely stripped the two brothers,
the mob dragged their naked and bloody
bodies to an extemporised gibbet, where
amateur executioners hung them up by
the feet.

Then came the most dastardly scound-
rels of all, who, not having dared to
strike the living flesh, cut the dead in
pieces, and then went about in the town
selling small slices of the bodies of John
and Cornelius at ten sous a piece.

We cannot take upon ourselves to say
whether, through the almost impercepti-
ble clink of the shutter, the young man
witnessed the conclusion of this shock-
ing scene; but at the very moment when
they were hanging the two martyrs on
the gibbet, he passed through the terrible
mob; which was too much absorbed in
the task, so gratifying to its taste, to take
any notice of him; and thus he reached
unobserved the Tol-Hek, which was still
closed.

"Ah! sir," said the gatekeeper, "do
you bring me the key?"

"Yes, my man, here it is."

"It is most unfortunate that you did
not bring me that key only one quarter
of an hour sooner," said the gatekeeper,
with a sigh.

"And why that?" asked the other.

"Because I might have opened the gate
to Mynheers De Witte, whereas, finding
the gate locked, they were obliged to
retrace their steps."

"Gate! gate!" cried a voice which
seemed to be that of a man in a hurry.

The Prince, turning round, observed
Captain Van Deken.

"Is that you, Captain?" he said. "You
are not yet out of the Hague? This is
executing my orders very slowly."

"Monsieur," replied the Captain,
"this is the third gate at which I have
prevented myself; the two others were
closed."

"Well, this good man will open this
one for you: do it, my friend."

The last words were addressed to the
gatekeeper, who stood quite thunder-
struck on hearing Captain Van Deken
addressing by the title of Monsieur
this pale young man, to whom he him-
self had spoken in such a familiar way.

As it were, to make up for his fault,
he hastened to open the gate, which
swung creaking on its hinges.

"Will Monsieur avail himself of
my horse?" asked the Captain.

"I thank you, Captain, I shall use my
own steed, which is waiting for me close
at hand."

And, taking from his pocket a golden
whistle, such as were generally used at
that time for summoning the servants, he
sounded it with a shrill and prolonged
call, on which an equerry on horseback
speedily made his appearance, leading
another horse by the bridle.

William, without touching the stirrup,

vaulted into the saddle of the led horse,
and, setting his spurs into its flanks,
started off for the Leyden road. Hav-
ing reached it, he turned round and
beckoned to the Captain, who was far
behind to ride by his side.

"Do you know," he then said, without
stopping, "that those rascals have killed
John De Witte as well as his brother?"

"Alas! Monsieur," the Captain
answered sadly, "I should like it much
better if these two difficulties were still
in your Highness's way of becoming de
facto Stadtholder of Holland."

"Certainly, it would have been better,"
said William, "if what did happen had
not happened. But it cannot be helped
now, and we have had nothing to do with
it. Let us push on, Captain, that we
may arrive at Alphen before the message
which the States-General are sure to
send to me to the camp."

The Captain bowed, allowed the Prince
to ride ahead, and, for the remainder of
the journey, kept at the same respect-
ful distance as he had done before his
Highness called him to his side.

"How I should wish," William of
Orange malignantly muttered to him-
self, with a dark frown and setting the
spurs to his horse, "to see the figure
which Louis will cut when he is apprised
of the manner in which his dear friends
De Witte have been served!"

[Continued next week.]

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Correspondence of the Hartford Herald.
No. 2, VERNON PLACE, BLOOMSBURY-
WAY SQUARE, LONDON, AUGUST 15.

The day following that on which I wrote
you from the steamer Victoria, we reached
London, at 9 p. m. After lying there
long enough to put off some passengers
and their luggage, we steamed for Scot-
land.

THE CLYDE AND GLASGOW.

We reached the mouth of the Clyde just
at daylight. This river is renowned for
its beautiful scenery, and also for the large-
est and best ship-building docks in the
world. The passengers were out bright
and early to gaze upon the beauties of its
banks. Land never looked as pretty to
me before. This was the first I had seen
since I left New York, except the blue hills
of Ireland, in the distance looking like so
many clouds. We steamed up the Clyde
to Greenock, a distance of forty miles be-
tween Glasgow. Here is located the cus-
tom house, and it is here that the officers
come aboard and turn the baggage "upside
down" in search of tobacco and cigars,
and such articles as are imported from
our country. We were detained here
about two hours and a half, after which
the Captain announced that he could go
no farther up on account of the low tide.

We were soon transferred to the shore,
put aboard a train, and reached Glasgow
at 12:30 a. m. My cousin and I, in com-
pany with a Mr. Bevan and lady, of New
York City, (for whom we formed quite an
attachment on the way), stopped at the
Queen's Hotel, a palatial building, and
"run" on an aristocratic plan. It is pat-
ronized by the nobility, consequently the
style. I much preferred a little less style
and more to eat. After dining, we got into
a carriage and took a drive through the
city and to West End Park. Glasgow is
a magnificent city, clean and nice, and
substantially built. The buildings are all
of elegant granite—not a brick house to be
seen. They look as though they were
built to last for centuries. The streets are
paved in the same substantial manner—
Glasgow is a city of some 500,000 souls,
and seems to be under good regulations.

The Scotch horse was something to attract
my attention. The idea occurred to me
that one of them would be a valuable
addition to an American menagerie. They
are certainly the largest specimens of the
equine species I have ever seen. You
rarely see more than one hitched to an
ordinary wagon or carriage. West-End
Park is the pride of Glasgow. It is ex-
tensively improved, and the air is loaded
down with the odor of flowers and mus-
tard with the clattering of birds. While
taking that drive, we saw what we were
told was the highest chimney in the world
(525 feet). It belonged to a factory of
some kind, and actually seemed to tower
among the clouds. We also saw the large-
est livery stable in Great Britain, a stone
building, that covered a whole square and
contained one thousand horses.